

A FORTRESS #12

What is the meaning of this place? And why do they need to build it so high? I mean, this is more a place for a hermit, a mad, a dying poet. What is it they fear? Who? Or is it the case that they know no fear at all, that they build so high merely for the joy, to watch it all topple over? The rooks circle around its crooked peak. Something or someone - a fox, or a curious resident - has burrowed a large hole at the edge. Are they in there still? Have the children captured them? Tied them up in ropes and left them hanging from the ceiling? The regular creak as they circle, suspended, ten feet off the floor. Does someone know more than I do about this constant building? None of the residents I ask has any notion. They all simply delight in the simplicity of it, in the children's commitment, their engagement, their achievement. Yet, like me they feel they are unable to approach; that the children should be 'left to their own devices'.

This morning, a sleepless walk at dawn. Surely only a badger could have dug that burrow. Or *was* it a fox?

I think it was Hölderlin who died in a tower.